

(All our best friends
are the Internet.)

Volume 23 Issue 2 -- October 8, 2004



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to submit

Submissions are due **Saturdays before 5 p.m.** You can submit in rich text or plain text format by diskette (Mac or IBM), and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Abby Ohlheiser, **Merrill C202, x4586**. You may also use e-mail. Send e-mail submissions to ewo03@hampshire.edu

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

Visit the Omen's very simple website at omen.hampshire.edu



Having you start a new paragraph is like Christmas all over again.

Quote Attributed to Abby Ohlheiser

COLLEGE PAPER OR TEEN MAGAZINE? MY MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT

Editorial

Well, well, well. It's only issue two, and I've already started pulling the Editorial out of my ass at the last minute.

I split this weekend into "finishing up my Div I" time, schoolwork time, and OMEN layout, and somehow OMEN managed to beat out the other two (decidedly more important) tasks in the battle for my time and thought. At this point, I might print out and shred the draft of my Div I retrospective, put the pieces in a plastic bag, affix a bright purple post-it note to the front of the bag with "I live in the present" written on it, and try to slip the whole thing under my advisor's door.

Seeing as I am neither a creative writing student nor a visual art student, I doubt that my statement will be appreciated.

Retrospective writing is a bitch, as I'm sure everybody at this school already knows (except for the first-years, perhaps, but mid-term self-evaluations are on the horizon, suckers). Writing retrospective essays draws to the surface all of those moments you thought you forgot. I'm a slightly nervous person and am prone to fits of irrational self-doubt and distress. Every time I try to write my essay, little moments from my past — from my entire life, not just from the past year — gnaw away at my conscious and stop my writing in its tracks. In an attempt to move out of this vicious cycle, I shall debase myself with a retrospective essay, printed in this editorial column, of the single most embarrassing moment in my life.

If I begin this story by saying that I was in

7th grade at the time of the "incident," can you just assume that I was insecure and unpopular? Good. Now, on to the story proper.

My seventh grade English teacher required that each student give a monthly book report on a book of her choosing. My school system decided some years back that every book in the junior high curriculum must contain at least one of the following: A Native American, an abused woman, a Nazi, an African American slave, or the apocalypse. The book that my teacher asked me to present to the class had an abused Native American woman protagonist who thought that the world had ended. Naturally, I thought it was a crappy book and didn't spend much time preparing the report. I had a poster, notecards, and a bit of analysis concerning one scene where the Native American was almost killed by some sort of squid or octopus. I think it might have been a dream sequence.

Two other things play a key part in this story: Freud, as you might have guessed from the above description, and my seventh grade health class, which happened to meet right before English class on the day that I was to present. On this particular day, our class discussed the workings of a very special organ only present on the male of the species, and, in particular, how some very special cells are produced. There was an overhead projector and a wooden pointer, and a very bitter health teacher who liked to divert from the class discussion in order to moan about her ex-husband.

Although I was not unfamiliar to the existence of certain anatomical differences between

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policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will not edit anything you write

(except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no *Omen* staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Kiva at 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



SECTION SPEAK

News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

BUSH

by Donald Jackson

[This is a partisan piece that expresses an observation. It isn't well-argued. I just felt like sharing a vague impression.]

There's something drastically peculiar about the Bush Presidency. I've been trying to figure it out recently. I tend to lean anarchist, so I don't easily move into "he's the worst president ever" line of thinking (they're all pretty bad), though I think he's a bit crazier than normal. That isn't it though.

I think his is the first presidency whose very administrative apparatus denies the assumptions of modernism, or several rather important assumption. I don't mean that he's pre-modern because of his religious connections (I don't think he's "truly" religious in any real way). His presidency denies the unity of a subject that can take responsibility for an action; not in the cool post-structuralist way, but in the late-capitalist corporate way.

When referring to the administration, I'll simply call it Bush, as though Bush were simply its name brand. I do this because this is the first truly corporate presidency. It isn't just that he's in bed with corporate interests. I mean the Administration, Bush, is essentially a corporate body.

When we investigate what differentiates a corporation from a normal business, we find out, quite simply, that only in a corporation is the responsibility of shareholders and employees absolutely limited. This is possible because a corporation is legally an individual, with the rights and legal existence of a human citizen. Now we know

this is patently absurd, in terms of reality—a corporation is not a human body. This is why governments have to charter a corporation for it to exist, because their structure is in truth quite foreign to actual market activity. The fact that corporations are "persons" allows any individual stakeholder in them to have limited liability for them, assuming they perform in the best and obligated interests of the corporation as a whole. This is actually fairly substantial economically; it allows corporations to take risks and expand in ways that normal businesses cannot manage. No one is responsible for the game itself, nor can they be said to officially "control" or "own" it and hence take responsibility for it, they can only steward it in ways dictated by their places within the division of labor and internal corporate flow charts. Rather than be responsible to an ultimate head of a firm, the corporate employee must answer to a generalized sense of "authority" somewhere perpetually above him/her and out of human reach. This ambiguity creates the obsessive precision of ambitious corporate life, the perpetual strength of micro-managers, and the soul-numbing nausea that accompanies both.

And because there is no true head of a corporation (is it managers or the Board? Who can be held accountable?), besides the abstract form of the firm itself (a brand, a legal identity), there is no real individual responsibility at any level of the firm. There is discipline, of course, a discipline made all the more intense because of its seeming ground-

lessness. Yet this is local and rests within nested hierarchies of overlapping offices, departments, and managers. It is easy enough for the observant and clever to pass blame along, or claim the victories of hard work they didn't themselves perform.

When we throw information into a corporation, information that must be attached to an authentic guilty party with agency, the information flows around endlessly, until provisional use is made of it. If there is blame to be attached, it either becomes nearly impossible, or is simply given ad hoc to a scapegoat or to a party we know, somehow, "must" be guilty.

Bush, as the President and not as the recovered alcoholic pseudo-born again man, is a corporation. Take the prisoner abuses at Abu Ghraib. No one in the administration will attach blame for lunatic, pornographic torture of Iraqis, many of whom were picked up in random sweeps and had committed no crimes. This isn't merely a question of passing it to a fall guy. There are no real fall guys in this. There is no real consensus or final say on who is "truly" to blame, even if it be the actual soldiers in the pictures. Any blame and any responsibility is diffuse, and scatters the moment we try and see it firmly.

I just watched that clip of Bush when he responded to the 9/11 attacks in the school by sitting still for 9 minutes, looking confused and lost without his handlers. People like to say this illustrates incompetence. Some speculate that it indicates callousness. Conspiracy theorists think it indicates prior knowledge and acceptance of the events, pointing to any number of admittedly

odd factors in the event.

But when I look into those eyes, I think this misses the point. Those eyes throw out all these impressions. He looks lost, because he truly was shocked and had no idea what to do. Yet he was also callous and apparently accepting, because he accepted that it wasn't really his place to actually do anything about this. He understood only that he couldn't be expected to deal with the problem, because after all, that's what his managers were for. Bush the man accepted his powerlessness and inadequacy of action, because within Bush, the administration, he has no real power of action.

He's a figurehead. Not just in the way that presidents are often figureheads, allowing the strength of politics to find its place in the legislative branch or even simple corruption. No, he's a figurehead in the sense that "General Motors" is a figurehead for a large firm organized for the production and selling of cars. Bush is a human, sure. I'm not dehumanizing him. In his political role, though, he is an empty form, an abstraction that forms an internal coherence for the administration Bush.

This is why Bush's alleged religious ties are frankly irrelevant. It doesn't matter that he's allegedly a born-again Southern Methodist (who given the southern milieu, are generally the moderate ones btw—back home the Methodists tend to be calm middle class people, not the jittery snake-handlers of cosmopolitan liberal nightmares). Structurally, his administration does not really reflect the power or growth of an authentic evangelicalism in America. It reflects the total absence of this. The real image implicit in

the structure of his administration is that of agnosticism. God is absent, or irrelevant, and no one really believes He forms the locus of emanation of Power in the universe (no one really believes Bush is responsible for anything, not even his supporters, who are just as cynical or at least politic in their understanding that it isn't the man they support but the mission to which he attaches himself). No one believes he rules the free world; they just act as though he does. Everyone knows his employees run the show, but without any real possibility of determining responsibility within that closed system. Gone is the possibility of really laying blame at the feet of any agent in the administration; no one will accept it. And really, who is responsible for failures within a corporation anyway? Is it the CEO (Cheney) or other managers, is it employees who carry out instructions improperly or at least *get caught* carrying them out properly (the prison-keepers in Iraq), is it shareholders who demand obedience to their market needs (Bush's varied institutional supports, big business, militarists, religious chauvinists, etc.), is it consumer demand (us, citizens)? It certainly can't be the name brand; "GM" doesn't actually exist, it's not listed in the phone book residence section, it doesn't have a dental plan or a favorite mixed drink. So how can we really blame the man who wasn't there, a man who becomes an un-man when he steps into the role of "President" and name brand of the administration, Bush?

Bush isn't incompetent, he's the most perfectly competent

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TRANSLATION ADAPTATION ILLUSTRATION

What is illustrated in art will be adaptation when translated by a viewer who is not the creator of the artistic illustration. This being said, it will help to know the language of which the illustration was transcribed. To go further with this point, some are more talented translators than others, although, quite possibly, the definition of a translator could be a living organism that can take in information from the outside.

Let us go into greater detail, and provide examples of how illustration can be adapted when translated. First, and foremost there is the problem of misinterpretation. This can happen when the translator will translate something without knowing the language of which the illustration is illustrated. It can also happen when the translator will be biasing his view of the illustration on false assumptions which lead the translator away from the point the illustrator was trying to convey. This may be the whole purpose of the illustration, to make the translator's eyes and mind wander, which I would so desperately like to do.

Let us get working definitions of illustration, adaptation, and translation. Probably the most relevant definition of illustration is visual matter used to clarify or decorate a form of art (where the word art is used loosely to mean all things which do not have a definitive answer). Interestingly enough, the dictionary gives the word illumination as an obsolete definition of illustration. The meaning of adaptation is something, such as a

device or mechanism, that is changed or changes so as to become suitable to a new or special application or situation. Adaptation can occur when, over time, definitions change, or when something is viewed by a different group, or a combination of the two, or something entirely different. The literal explanation of translation is a written communication in a second language having the same meaning as the written communication in a first language. Although the use of the word "written" and "language" in the context of this essay can more be used to mean "illustrated" and "art."

Getting working definitions brings up an interesting topic: can we have definitions? For if different people translate the same thing differently, deciding which one is the right is very hard.

But why worry about it? I mean, getting into an argument about an opinion is not only dumb, it is also stupid; so we do it all the time. As long as other people's translations of something do not affect the larger populous, is there really anything to worry about?

Yes there are things to worry about; it is just that they do not pertain to this essay which not that many people are going to read.

But I digress. I was supposed to be giving examples of how something can be adapted when translated. If you are a visual learner, let me provide a translation of a light bulb:

You see, there is another

definition of translation, which is that it slides an object a fixed distance in a given direction. The original object and its translation have the same shape and size, and they face in the same direction. The word "translate" in Latin means "carried across". It is interesting to see the similarities between the mathematical definition and the artistic definition, which is the reason I brought this up, other than to take up space so that I can get this paper done sooner. Art can be seen as the "object" which gets moved to another viewer. The "object" does not change in appearance, it merely changes in perception, therefore combining the two definitions. Is it not interesting that we can combine art and math, when, in a sense, they are opposites.

Alright, enough with the examples, now for the long and drawn out conclusion. Illustration can be seen in any manner imaginable; therefore, there are an infinite number of possible translations. Take this paper for instance. One person may think that this paper ought to be published in a MAD magazine, while another may think it should be shredded and never read again. So why even try to define the definitions of things, even if they are written in an extremely hard to translate manner (not to mention hard to read). The phrase "beauty is in the eye of the beholder" comes to mind. "Translation is in the eye of the beholder." The word "translation"

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my body and those of my male friends, I was not entirely accustomed to discussing that subject so frankly. Perhaps I was a bit shellshocked as I walked to my English class, pulled out my notecards, and waited for the teacher to let me begin my presentation.

Aside from my ever-present nervous fidgeting and a couple stuttered statements, my presentation was going very well as I reached the analysis section. I hadn't bothered to outline this section in any great detail on the cards, as I was confident that I knew the material.

I began to set the scene, to describe to my classmates how the woman sat on the edge of the water, how she saw the ominous shape swim towards her but how she was paralyzed with fear until it was too late, for the squid's testicles, gleaming in the early morning sun, reached out and grasped her by the legs and began to pull her into the water...

Testicles, you heard me correctly. The same things that my health teacher projected on her wall and prodded with her pointer, the word that, even out of context, will reduce any seventh-grade student to giggles. I did not catch my verbal slip until I caught the eye of my English teacher (who, by the way, was biting her lip and trying not to laugh). Although one might think that my fate was sealed at the moment of my (Freudian?) slip, I had not yet passed the point of no return. Only one or two of my classmates had noticed, judging by the range of facial expressions in my audience. I brought

my own demise upon myself as I cleared my throat and said, "um, I meant to say tentacles."

You know that common dream where somebody is naked in front of a large audience, and everything goes fine until the dreamer realizes that he/she is naked? You know how the audience then (supposedly) erupts into rolling-on-the-floor laughter? That's pretty much what happened to me after I corrected myself.

At the time, I thought that running to the window of my second-floor classroom and jumping to my immanent broken leg or two would have been the

best solution. In retrospect, I know that all the windows in all the schools in my town had "suicide locks" on them, and I would have just made a bigger fool of myself had I tried to gnaw through the 1 cm strip of metal. I learned from this experience that speaking in public results in ridicule and embarrassment and that I should never do it again. Then I learned that middle school sucks and that the 8th grade girl who was caught giving head to a 7th grade nerd in the girls' bathroom two weeks later probably suffered from a lot more embarrassment than I could ever imagine.



I Lost My Dinner Buddy to the Omen

(A letter to the readers)

Dear Omen Readers,

Every two weeks, another issue of the Omen magically appears all over campus, ripe for the reading. Many of you probably pause to appreciate the wit of a particular columnist, and maybe even the exquisite work achieved by the layout staff. But how many of you have considered the sacrifices of those close to the Omen staff? I wanted to go out for Indian food tonight. Really, really wanted to go out for Indian food. I wanted to order the lamb vindaloo with a side of homemade yogurt. I wanted to revel in the combination of the spicy red sauce and the cool, tangy yogurt. And yet I was denied my meal. Why? Because Abby, the editor-in-chief of the Omen, had to go to the layout meeting. She has no time for frivolities like Indian food. No hour and a half of free time to accompany me to Paradise of India. Thanks, Abby, for making me spend another dinner choking down Saga's malodorous concoctions. And thank you, Omen readers, for taking away my dinner buddy. I hope that from now on, every time you read the Omen, you will take a moment to consider the plight of those close to the Omen staff. They might contribute the blood and sweat, but it is we, the friends of the staff, who contribute the tears.

—Libby Reinish

TAKING RACE OUTSIDE THE BOX

As a rule, I was always told that ignored problems don't disappear. I think that all rules have exceptions, and I try not to ignore that problem, either. The idea of race is one of these kinds of problems. I have decided to ignore it, and lo and behold, I have succeeded in projecting it's non-existence on myself and the world around me. I am not gringo or black or Native American or anything, just me, just my name. I am raceless, and so are you, so is everyone.

Race tells us who we belong with and to, and thus objectifies our image of who we are. "Hispanic" kids get brought up seeing, hearing, and feeling that they are "hispanic", whatever that is. It's not nationality, nationality is where you're born. Race is separate from nationality. Race is a list of laxly defined physical characteristics and histories of people's families.

I have parents who have lived lives. Their parents lived lives. They have all been considered members of a certain group. A group of people called "white people". If you trace far enough back, they came from Scotland and Ireland. Trace further still, and they came from Africa. Some more, a lot more, and they came from the water. I was created by my parents. My mother gave birth to me. I came into this world from her. I am not my mother and I have not lived her life. Two separate people. Assumptions have no guarantee.

You don't know me, but you naturally seek to generate some form of mental image of me as

you read this, no? I told you my ancestry, and you are picturing me right now. You probably draw on other things as well: my writing style, the direction of my prose thus far, and so on. You are categorizing what you know about me based on your past experiences. I'm writing a column about racism in a radical DIY zine, my ancestors are "white people"; some people might conclude I'm a mohawk adorned, light-skinned teen with an idealistic chip on his shoulder. Stereotypical? Well I suppose its just as stereotypical for me to project your assumption.

Humans sense things. We hear, see, taste, smell, and touch things. In order to survive, we have evolved a mental process that allows us to create categories in which to fit similar things we encounter. I see an apple, then I see another. I give these red, edible, juicy, sweet things a name: apple. They are a category in my mind now. When I sense one in the future, I will call it an apple. I will know it and what to expect from it. "Apple" is something I can eat. Ancestors found and ate and learned apples.

Meet Jane. She lives in a bubble. She can sense nothing outside her bubble, and knows nothing beyond its limits. Suddenly, visitors are allowed inside the bubble. Jane encounters her first fellow person. She remembers characteristics about that person. She observes some of those characteristics in another person she meets in a later visit.

After enough encounters

with people who share these characteristics, she creates the mental category "buga-buga people". Now when she sees them in the future she can recognize them, and she will know what to expect from them, right? Just like apples and oranges, right? Well, what if up until now, all the "buga-buga people" that Jane has encountered have had long hair. In Jane's mind, all "buga-buga people" have long hair. There's no reason to think otherwise. Then she meets one with a mohawk (short) who writes in DIY zines. Oops, says Jane, I guess I need to redefine my category. She adjusts a bit: all assumptions still stand, but hair is no longer a given.

Now lets say it just so happens that all the "buga-buga people" Jane has encountered so far have been exceptionally tired at the time. Jane has no reason to suspect this as a mis-conceived "buga-buga people" trait anymore than any of the other traits she's using to define the category. She can't suspect all of the traits, because then she'd have no grounding at all. Without traits, she'd have no way to define categories. And without categories, she would not be able to exercise logic. So Jane thinks that all "buga-buga people" are sluggish and lazy. Is Jane racist? Substitute "black" or "hispanic" or something else for "buga-buga people" and try it again.

See I think Jane's innocent, but I can't help it, race pisses me off.

What's bad about race? Can we ever separate it from racism?

Meet me, your author. I've grown up in a bubble. I have been exposed to categories of people: "hispanic, black, white, Asian, etc..." On standardized tests and driver's license applications and other papers there are boxes of options for me to check. I hear talk of "us" and "them", and read about "my people" and "your people". The concept of race is all around me. It's those categories. Society uses them to sort things so that things make sense. But can you sort people like apples and oranges? When I check the box labeled "white", do I really fit in it? What do these people think they have learned about me? Is assuming I have light skin any less racist than assuming I'm rich? I tend to think most people would say yes. All the statistics show that more "white" males are lighter-skinned than, say, "black" males. Well more "white" males are rich than "black" males, say the same statistics. So why are "my people" the "white" people and not the "rich" people?

What if my mom's ancestors weren't from Ireland? Let's pretend they were brought to America from Africa to be slaves. My mom is "black", and my dad is "white", and I want to drive. I sat there fretting over those boxes, my number two pencil hovering in distressed confusion until I had the bright idea of taking a black and white photo of myself and seeing which showed up. turned out, with the lighting and the angle, the machine happened to spit out a white picture, so I checked that box and shrugged as I handed in the dumb ol' thing.

Now lets say it turns out I have lips that are too thick to be considered "white", very dark

curly hair, and am fairly rich. The people on the other end of this check-boxed paper I handed in assumed something incorrect about me because of "my race". Shame on them.

My mom's parents were not born in Africa, my lips and looks are plenty "white", yet I still fight the urge to brandish my number two pencil like a knife and scribble the fuck out of that whole little-labeled-check-box-section when I come across it on a questionnaire. What do I expect them to do, you ask, start adding more boxes to compensate for each half-breed? And then risk a riot of the quarter-breeds? no that wouldn't make sense. That would be illogical. They'd end up with a box for every individual person, and then they wouldn't even need boxes at all. That would be like trying to negate the idea of race.

So I decided to break the old rule by applying it to itself. I chose to ignore the problem of race, and I ended up writing a time-consuming paper about it. So if deconstructing our mental categories is deconstructing our basis for logic, like an exasperated Jane might have tried if enough individualist "buga-buga people" gave her a hard time, then where do I get off talking race into infinity. Am I not challenging the very idea of logic? Well you tell me if there's anybody who perfectly fits any stereotype, and didn't we agree they were all based on assumptions anyhow? So I'd encourage you to try ignoring the race problem, too, except that it didn't work out for me. Rats. Woulda been one less to worry about.

Instead, I'm thinking we should simply do what who-ever first found that apple did,

and start figuring stuff out for ourselves. Let's not let society and other people's history tell us who we're supposed to be, let's do all within our power to personally decide and act on who we want to be. And I'll make up my own categories to try and explain other people, thank you very much you big bloated hypocritical society.

So let's see, other problems to "ignore"...

Next we can try uh... typos maybe?



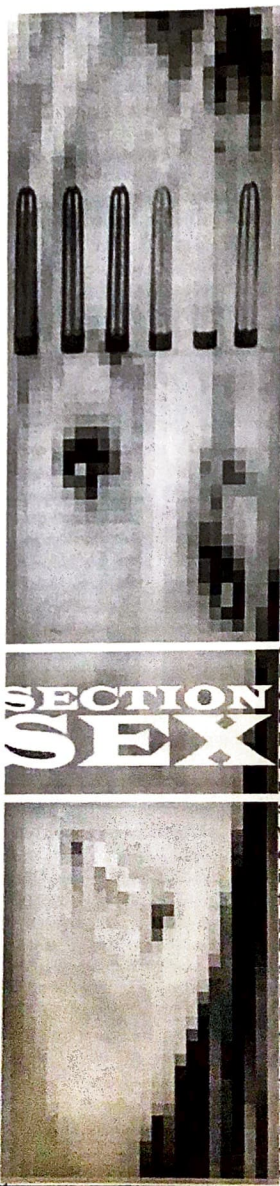
Homework...

(continued from page 6)

is only relevant when agreed on by more than one person. But on the other hand, if there was no translation, there could be no speech. So the only definite thing is that nothing is definite. However, this is paradox, and is probably not true. Things like: "I think, therefore I am," and "something exists, even if it is only nothing," are probably definite. But the truth is, no one knows anything for certain, save what they believe. This brings up another interesting topic, if you want to call it a different topic, which I don't really, that is: someone needs to believe in something in order for them to translate it. To put it in a different manner, translation can almost be called a simile for definition. But I am leaving adaptation and illustration out in the bitter cold rain, causing them to catch a horrible cold and cannot comment on this paper due to a sore throat.

AN: With ideas taken from "The Task of the Translator", by someone who is probably really old and obsolete.





THE OMEN PRESENTS: DUELING LU BU PORN

(BECAUSE JUST ONCE IS NEVER ENOUGH)

LOOK I'M JESSE WRITING LU BU PORN

My boyfriend will kill me for this...I love you honey!

We left our hero, Louis Bouleneux -- code name Lu Bu -- after his incredible eleven hours of hot sex with a Serra angel, making damn sure that Link cried his pansy little ass off. However, our fiendish little blonde elf had not wasted the eleven hours of live prOns. He has worked up the hardest cock known to Link-kind. As we will recall, Mario had taken a few too many turns with Princess Toadstool in Mushroom kingdom, and was now hopped up, and fairly open to suggestion. It is striking, how much Link resembles the princess when garbed in a pink dress. Mario never remembered the princess's trouser snake being so small. Just as Link was about to receive his long-sought gratification from the tantalizing mustachioed mouth, the crimson light began to flash! Link contemplated ignoring the disturbance, and then he remembered! The crimson light was not a horde of goblins! It was a horde of Succubi!!!! Lu

Bu and Serra had finished their embrace and were now flying off to "deal" with the sex starved she-devils. Ranma and Akane Tendo, having fallen into hot water in their sex craze and not caring that positions had to be changed reluctantly left the wet embrace to seek a bloodier prize. Fearing being left behind again, Link chased after Zelda, Mario stumbling behind, a bit confused. Our heroes were not to be outnumbered though! A single Platinum Angel showed up! Poof! The Succubi lost despite the copious amounts of blood pouring from our heroes. Don't we all love broken cards? I know I do. Anyway! After the battle, in which Lu Bu had to save Link several times from the certain death of any man who falls for Succubus boobies, Lu Bu decided to return to Empire Records for his hard earned phone answering pay check. Saving the world wouldn't get him a car. Sometime's life just wasn't fair. Link cried.



*Redsneakers
Journalism*

PORN THE SECOND

by Jesse Erola
So there I was. Up to my eyeballs in squid, the general shouting at me to hold together and stay in formation. I just snapped. I bellowed forth a cry of rage and leapt to the defense of the panicked civilians, as another wave of the flying plant elementals hailed thorns upon our flank." The teacher ranted on and on. Couldn't a man get any sleep around here? Lu Bu sighed. His seminars at UMass were getting old. He had graduated high school a mere five months prior, and already become disillusioned with higher education. For a moment, he thought back to his blissful summer spent alongside Serra. Her parents had a lovely house in Montsantmichele, France, and they spent the summer there, frolicking in the countryside and visiting museums. He sighed in happy recollection as the rants of his professor grew more fervent. "Doesn't this guy ever shut up?" Lu Bu idly wondered to himself, twirling a pen. "Maybe I should kill him with my spear. No, no, that would be a terrible idea." He focused his energies on maintaining good posture and begged his pen to the paper, to record oh so vividly the ramblings of his professor.

The professor which, Lu Bu noticed, was frothing at the mouth. "And then there was Hitler's brain! Encased in that...clear window stuff, shit....it comes in buildings and it breaks fairlyGLASS! The windows were made of GLASS!..and so

was Hitler's brain! They were crawling, with their metallic spider legs and glass brain, no, no, glass brain CASING..." Lu Bu stopped taking notes on the senseless WWIV ramblings and threw his pen across the room. "I can't take it anymore!" he screamed, pulling Sky Scorcher from his backpack. The spear punctuated his dissatisfaction as he shouted, "I challenge you, Professor Summers! Your senseless ramblings end here!" Sparse applause graced his ears, likely from those students who had maintained consciousness throughout the lecture. Lu Bu settled himself for his teacher's response.

"Well done, Louis. I always knew that one day we'd have to fight." Ignoring Lu Bu's response that he'd only been in the class for three weeks, Professor Summers shouted, "But before you receive the privilege of dying at my hands, you must prove yourself. Go, my Teaching Assistants! Rend his body from his soul!" With a dramatic gesture, his two TAs rushed Lu Bu. Professor Summers stood there, coat billowing in their wake, laughing as only a madman can.

Volto was the first to reach Lu Bu. Lu Bu had seen him the weekend before at a party. He was a crazy raver looking guy, sucking down E like milkshakes, and always wearing giant black-tinted goggles. "How can he even see with those things on?" Lu Bu thought silently as he raised his spear in

defense. Volto rushed quickly, flashing out with a pair of Katar on his hands. Steel met steel as the battle continued in the classroom, students climbing over each other to escape the growing melee. Volto pressed the assault, and Lu Bu could do naught but defend. Volto was too close to try anything effective with his spear. Lu Bu retreated, parrying what he could. He wasn't taking any serious hits, but he knew the battle was going poorly for him. As Volto charged forward, Lu Bu switched his stance, dropped his weapon, and punched Volto right in the stomach. Volto faltered, and Lu Bu recovered his spear. As Lu Bu raised his weapon to cripple him, Volto clasped his hands together. Lu Bu was stunned by a bright green light flashing forth as the hidden glowsticks in Volto's weapons burned into their full glory. Volto attacked mercilessly while Lu Bu shielded his eyes, and landed a substantial wound on Lu Bu's stomach. Lu Bu fell to his knees, and Volto stood above him, basking in his imminent victory. "Shouldn't have fucked with the Prof, man. He's a crazy fuck, but he's got this college by the balls. Sorry to kill you, but it's you or me, man." Volto raised his blades for the final blow, but Lu Bu was not about to be taken down from a single blow. He dodged behind Volto and grabbed his goggles. As he pulled them off, Lu Bu quipped, "How do YOU like being

continued on next page

Lu Bu Porn (Continued)

blind?" His goggles removed, Voldo was at the full mercy of the light. "My eyes! My eyes! My eyes!" he screamed, covering his face with his hands. Fortunately for him, the Katar strapped to his hands did not wound him. Unfortunately, the glowsticks he had strapped to his hands were now pouring their enhanced light directly into his eyes. Voldo screamed in pain. Lu Bu felt pity for his classmate and smashed him lightly in the temple with the butt of his spear. Voldo was unconscious, and Lu Bu sighed. He was tired, and his stomach hurt. He thought that his challenge might have been a bad idea, perhaps, and maybe an apology would be a good idea. A girl approached him with a Chinese-styled sword, however, and his fighting instincts brought him back to reality. He had chosen his path. It was his duty to walk it.

The girl who approached Lu Bu was a brunette, slender, with a pretty face and a decent chest. She looked kind of familiar, for some reason, and she reminded him of Serra. "Wait," he uttered, remembering the pictures adorning his sometimes-girlfriend's Montsannichele cottage. Pictures that showed a slightly younger brunette with that same pretty face and decent chest embracing the all-too familiar angel. "Kitty? Kitty Pryde?" The girl stopped her approach. "How do you know who I am?" she asked. She had to admit, he was pretty hot, but she didn't think she'd ever had sex with him. Or even met, for that matter. Lu Bu explained his relationship with Serra in short

order, and she dropped her offensive stance. "OMG you're LU BU?" she asked, suddenly bubbling. "OMG I've heard so much about you!!!" Lu Bu smiled at her and nodded, but whatever he was about to say was lost in the droning of machinery.

"If you won't fight properly, I guess I'll have to kill you both myself!" Professor Summers shouted as he climbed into the cockpit of his giant robot mech. As the cockpit closed, his maniacal laughing only grew louder, the sounds now being broadcast over the mech's Public Announcement system. Lu Bu and Kitty looked up at the giant mech and their jaws dropped. They would be crushed to death if they didn't do something. Kitty started to cry, as she was flustered and not ready to die. Lu Bu, on the other hand, quickly whipped out his cell phone and hit the auto-dialer. "Hey, Lu Bu here. Get Lenneth, will you? No, I said Lenneth. LENNETH. LENNETH VALKYRIE. Thank you, fucktard." As the giant mech continued to laugh and move toward them, Lu Bu remained calm. "Lenneth! Good to hear your voice. Hey, listen, I need a favor. Can you see me right now? Awesome. See that mech in front of me? Can you materialize me something to fight it with? Yeah, yeah, I owe you dinner TWICE now. Thanks babe." Hanging up the phone, he grabbed Kitty by the waist and jumped. The cockpit materialized beneath him, and he landed gracefully in the pilot's seat. Kitty was in shock at having been saved by a hot, strong guy who might like a demon and asked

[illegible]

AN ODE TO THE DONALD

Every Thursday night I cannot help but find myself, seated in from of the television waiting like a child waits for Christmas morning, knees huddled in anticipation waiting for the newest episode of the smash reality TV hit, *The Apprentice*:

"Hire me!", I shout at The Donald with bated breath.

show that some call "lovely stuff". And lovely stuff it is! The drama! The betrayal! The danger! The wrath! The unadulterated love! But what I am waiting for is not anything that the contestants have to offer, even if they did graduate from Harvard business school! That fancy degree doesn't impress me!

Quite frankly, I want The Donald. Donald Trump, with his luxuriously flowing auburn locks, his impeccable sense of style, and those passionate azure eyes! Clad in nothing more than a flaming crimson tie and tasteful business suit, what more could you possibly ask for in a man? Oh Donald! You and your fabulous business empire of gold, how it enchants me. At night I dream of running naked through the corridors of Trump Tower, hair flailing wildly, bare feet caressing the delicate fibers of the hand made Persian rugs, running my warm hands across the cool golden walls of your massive multi-million dollar complex! I would scale the tower, using nothing but a grappling hook and insuppressible desire, finding my way to the boardroom

so that I may dance under waterfalls of white diamonds and slide my body across the warm and supple walnut table, slightly aged but still durable. That long hard table, with only you, The Donald, George Ross and Carolyn

Kepcher
watching
my every
move

I shout at The Donald with bated breath. The competition and the boardroom drama will all be taken to the next level. "Hire me!" I shout once more. Carolyn, harsh but caring, looks to The Donald and proclaims, "She doesn't have very much experience, but I see potential." "Yes!" I shout as I roll off of the table and onto the finely carpeted floor. George, truly a serious business man looks at The Donald and

"I don't think you have all the skills required for this very big job quite yet."


In a deep nurturing voice he speaks to me, "I don't think I can afford to hire someone with so little experience in the business, but for you I might make an exception..."

"Oh Donald! I knew I was the right woman for the job!" I say as I am just about to climax at our most wonderful and poetic moment.

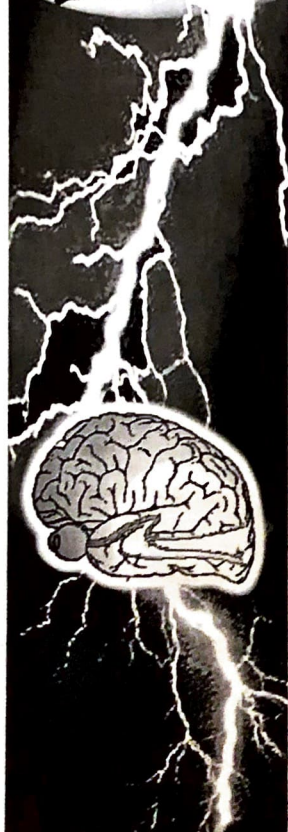
But no there is more! "You didn't let me finish...I don't think I can afford to hire someone with so little experience, but for you I might make an exception, however, despite your extreme passion and desire for me and my massive throbbing world industry, I don't think you have all the skills required for this very big job quite yet. In a few years maybe, when you are a bit more developed, and more experienced. But today, I think I am going to have to let you go. You're Fired!"

The Donald offers pleasure but the pleasure can quickly be seized and suddenly go limp right in your hands.

And as I wake from this wonderful terrible dream, I look to my bedside table only to find The Donald staring right back at me. I lift the framed portrait and bring it close to my pink wet lips. With a gentle kiss, I say to my sweet Donald, "Good-night, see you next Thursday. Same time same place."



SECTION LIES



FICTION, POETRY,
SATIRE, AND
OTHER STUFF

1: Once upon a time there were three little pigs in the woods. They went on a walk through the fog and they saw halos in their shadows. They were so scared! They had eleven tape recorders and thirteen tapes and an iceberg and a giant sheet of glass between the three of them, but then the big bad wolf came by. He huffed, and he puffed, and then he melted in to the forest. Little pig with the white house disappeared in to the pink sky and another little pig was eaten by a tree and the remaining pig hoarded nuclear weapons. But then, a woman came out of the field, emerging from the corn husks like a shadow in the night. She beheld the scene before her, and then made everything better by making the Big Bad Wolf listen to the screaming of the little pig in his belly.

The Big Bad Wolf converted to veganism and lived on a commune with his big bad friends and they eventually got overrun by the Hare Krishnas. And Tom Wolfe was there and I have a booger.

2: I have a booger.

I have a booger.

I have a booger.

Once more: I actually don't have a booger, it was all a lie.

3: Isn't Bush a fucktard? And he's shorter than Kerry as well.

4: He spent eleven hours a day in the darkroom and inside the darkroom lived some bats. The bats came from Transylvania, and the bats sucked his blood. So he became allergic to the light, and then he stayed in the dark for longer. He became the best darkroom worker in the entire

EXERPTS

northeast, but he could only go to parties that were held in the dark. Like Goth shows. He became a drag queen. He became a superstar. Then he went to a rave and was killed by a glowstick.

5: erbuilajgvhkl3Hegw v970rknlv aÜä?

6: I like Bright Eyes. I like Saves The Day. I like those black plastic glasses and black hair. I have a lot of friends who agree with me on these matters, and many references. I have a friendster account. I listen to records, but not CD's. I live in an apartment in New York. There is a man there who only does darkroom work. He was killed by a glowstick.

Aren't I exotic????????????????????????????????

7: Really, fuck Bush.

8: The Holocaust is not funny.

9: You know, if you think about it, it all comes back to the number six. Six six six. Six men getting sick. There are six lights in the Omen room, and I am three of them. There were three little pigs and they all had two personalities. The world is a four dimensional time cube and there are two people who fully understand this in the universe. There are six pages in my essay I am writing on the significance of formalization on brutality in ritual sacrifice in Aztec civilization. I have six boogers. Wait. Wait.

10

Glory Holes and Icebergs and Method Man Discography.



by Shalin Scupham



In addition to being a source of wonderfully satirical news, 'The Onion' (www.theonion.com) offers its readership the salacious musings of Mr. Dan Savage. This self-proclaimed sex guru has been writing a 'Dear Abby' column for lovetines- the aptonymic 'Savage Love'- since 1991. I recently ordered his book (Plume Books, 1998), comprised of the 300 'best' reader Q&A

And if this situation annoys you, well, did you know there used to be a Meat Collective? Its incorporation was brief, likely as a consequence of the 250\$ of meat that was grilled and subsequently hurled against the library walls. The Meat Collective was soon condemned to bankruptcy (FiCom kiznick in da pizantz), which suited its progenitor fine as his only



Looking towards the royal palace in Budapest

exchanges ranging from the fetish to the coquettish, and now wait patiently as Amazon.com's 'SuperSaver!' shipping takes its sweet time finding Somerville. True, five to nine days seems a long time to wait, but it'll arrive in plenty of time for the elections. All part of my plan to pick the GGG (Good, Giving, and Game) candidate.

However I am not here to talk about such amorous things. Or, not so overtly. Instead, I want to share pictures! That's right: Ireland, Vienna, Prague, Budapest! All yours for the 7\$ (or is it higher this year?) you pay to fund myriad student groups like The Omen!

SAVAGE LOVE TAUGHT ME TO SAY 'KAKISTOCRACY'

yes, perhaps Div III is changing my very lifestyle. I will say that my years at Hampshire made



"I used flash cards to study Irish"

light-bulbs, perfect for holding above your head to establish credibility and intelligence. I did just this thing when I bought a

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Guinness in the Guinness museum panoramic bar

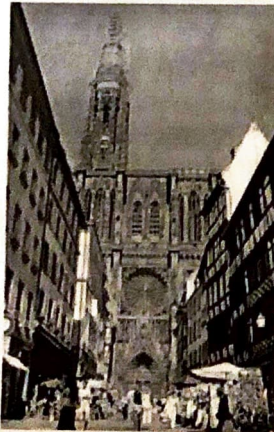
by Aaron Buchsbaum



The Cliffs of Moher, west coast, little south of Galway

'Johnny Reb' bobble-head figurine for my bro's birthday.

These tomatoes might have also come in handy for the following reason: I've been off campus for one, going on two semesters



Strasbourg Cathedral. The tower requires scaffolding for support

now. By January I'll have officially spent 1/4 of my Hampshire education not actually at Hampshire. I still think this is a bizarre situation, and mildly unfortunate as well because I missed taking Cell Bio and Stats with our wonderful

NS department (GO TEAM!). However I've since availed myself of the sites & sounds of several European countries, then cozied up near Boston in early June. cal analyses, respectively. Some good times, some boring times, but all in all amusing because I've assumed a lackadaisical freedom from regular hours that comes with NOT BEING PAID. 'Oh, I finished calculating subject #121's absolute change in dietary glycemic index at month 12. . . AND it's only 4:15?? Guess I'll just-I dunno- go home!' I think that deserves an intelligence tomato. And for those of you who think I just have issues with my work ethic, I pee on your foots. Before I leave off this aimless

Currently I'm intershipping at Tufts New England Medical Center, studying the effects of different popular diets on weight loss and cardiovascular health for my divl

Thr3. This means lots of work with Excel and SPSS, making tables and conducting statisti-

article, some quick word association exercises about the places I visited whilst abroad:



A museum in Vienna, and a prime example of the city architecture

Ireland-Sheep and lunar landscapes. No trails on the mountains. Lots of small hospitals in the (few) cities. Green. Twisty windy roads. Animated music.

Vienna-Torte and fabulous

architecture. Inspiring. Awesome. DAMN fine food and drink. From busy to silent in two blocks.

Budapest- Stunningly beautiful women, and grit. Venerable.



"St. Peter's Church in Vienna. Baroque and golden"

Intriguing.

Prague- Recent Communism and magic. Lots and lots of magic.

Strasbourg- Find your favorite part of the canal and stay there. Rustic. Comfortable.

If you want to see more pictures of many things Europe (in full VGA color!) you can go to www.picturetrail.com/smartz13. Sign the guestbook and I'll send you double coupons. Stay classy Hampshire College.

Your Humble Servant,
Aaron "Pisces For A Reason"
Buchsbbaum

"Atkins New Diet Revolution", 'A Week in The Zone', 'The Real-Age Diet', 'Eat, Drink, and Be Healthy!', 'The Carbohydrate's Addict Diet', 'Somersizing', '20/30 Fat/Fiber Plan'. More to come!



THE OMEN PRESENTS: PAGAN DANCE PARTY!



BORN AGAIN PAGAN



Jesus! When will you learn, this dance party is for PAGANS ONLY!



Thomas wins the dance contest! The Goddess smiles upon him!

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BUSH

leader to ever exist, because as a leader he doesn't really exist. All the fetishization of his family life or even personal history (and failings) really makes us overlook that these things are irrelevant; because when he takes on the role of President, he perfects the long line of simulation that started in the Republican Party with Reagan, the actual actor who somehow made everyone forget that he wasn't a war hero, he just played one in movies. Nixon, of course, first really tried to pull this off with his denial of culpability in Watergate, but at that time society was still such that he was destroyed for it in the hearts and minds of most of the nation (except, oddly enough, an Austrian bodybuilder). Reagan really turned this "unreality at the highest levels" into an art. However, Reagan could not perfect his own craft as fully as the Bush, because he still had a professional identity: as President, he was a damn fine actor. He faked being leader of the free world with a skill that gave him professional individuality. So when his administration committed gross crimes of law, morality, and reason, i.e. the Iran-Contra Affair, they had to simply bury it and deny, deny, deny, shielding themselves and provoking forgetfulness with that glistening smile and beaming confident gaze of an actor.

This, though it worked quite well for them, wasn't quite enough—it wasn't a full development of the simulated presidency, the decentered centralization of

the corporate Presidential administration. They required human capacities and talents in Reagan to make it work. He couldn't just deny responsibility, he had to dissimulate and distract, and take his administration's grand follies out of the public gaze. The Bush need do no such thing, and hasn't done so at all. It doesn't distract, it doesn't take its failures out of public gaze. They just refrain from really addressing them, and deny any culpability at every level of command. They don't need charisma and charm, nor the talents of a powerful actor. They just need a passable brand name.

Now I warned at the beginning of this that this was a partisan commentary. Yet I don't want anyone to go away thinking that I mean this as Democrat versus Republican. My family is full of lifelong Republicans, veterans, Baptists, and Southerners, who despise this man at a gut level, and I think it's tied to this collapse of any real identity of the office and the sheer recklessness it allows and delights in. The really terrifying thing about those prison pictures isn't that they were torture or that they were against innocents. The terrifying thing is that they showed an orgy of mad delight in cruelty, an orgy easily unleashed in ordinary people trained for command structures yet guided by an empty title instead, bereft or real final command.

I don't truly believe this pseudo-Hobbesian nonsense that people require strong lead-

ers and authorities to maintain order and peace, and restrain the passions from lurching into cruelty. But I think it's wretchedly obvious that our society has been structured to produce people like this, and to produce structures like this. Yet now, in a corporate America, no real "leadership" exists, though the ethical systems people have require this. It's too late to "go back" to anything we used to have, though it would be nice to just say "make the bastard own up to it." For now, let's just hope the Bush doesn't win reelection, and be sure and vote against him, because though this dynamic isn't really changing, maybe we can slow it down enough to actually do something about it before things go completely out of hand.

Because when Bush steps into his office, his eyes take on the dead glaze of a corpse, a coma patient, or a corporate spokesman, because when he is at his moments of highest power, he assumes the essence of his role as president: a walking puppet maneuvered by myriad strings of diffuse authorities, confused and unconcerned with his role. In his eyes lurk the black holes that signify a collapse of meaning, a collapse of agency, a collapse of responsibility. And in the absence of final human authority within a system that designs people so that their passions and ethics require this, any level of barbarism becomes possible.



Application For Nookie

by Wade Stuckwisch

Ever notice how difficult it can be to negotiate a romantic and/or sexual encounter on this campus? Everything is so vague and nebulous, especially in the early stages. And there's no guarantee that everything won't fall apart in the end... Well, *The Omen* has a solution for you! If you're in the hunt, photocopy this simple application and place a pile conspicuously outside your place of residence. If you're in the market for some lovin', a little pavement pounding and a touch of paperwork can hook you up with the hookup of your dreams, with all the groundwork already laid out on paper! It's not legally binding—yet—but at least this time you'll have a piece of paper to wave in your ex's face when he/she runs off with the secretary.

APPLICATION FOR EMPLOYMENT WITH _____, INC.
(your name)

Name: _____ Birthdate: _____ Sex: M / F*
Measurements: _____ Education: _____ Contact Info: _____
_____, Inc. (is/is not) a gender-biased employer.

Where did you learn of this opportunity?

☐ Friends ☐ Word of Mouth ☐ Bathroom Wall ☐ *Omen* Article ☐ Active Recruitment

Previous experience: Please list names, positions, and dates for last 5 employers:

- 1) _____
- 2) _____
- 3) _____
- 4) _____
- 5) _____

May we contact your previous employers? (Y/N) If no, then why not?

Are you a convicted felon? (Y/N) If yes, please explain:

I am applying for a (pick one): (Temp / Part Time / Full Time / Management) position.
Hours per week: _____ # Weeks per Year: _____

Expected salary: Monetary _____ Emotional _____ Time _____ Sexual _____

Why are you interested this position? (Check all that apply)

☐ Need work badly ☐ Revenge on previous employer(s) ☐ Looking for real-world experience
☐ Heard good things about corporation ☐ Bored ☐ True, undying love

Do you have any special skills that would benefit our corporation?

Do you have a source of transportation? (If yes, include picture)

Are you currently romantically employed, either part- or full-time? (Y/N)

If yes, does your current employer know you are applying for supplementary employment? (Y/N)

Please include a resume, a photograph, a complete notarized mental history and a clean bill of health with this Application.

_____, Inc. reserves the right to terminate this contract should any portion of this application prove misleading or falsified, and will not be responsible for any damages, including incidental, resulting therewith. Applicants may be required to complete a training period without full pay and benefits for up to two weeks.

ON ACTIVISM

